

MODERN AMUSEMENT.

THE Bucks had din'd, and deep in council sat,
 Their wine was brilliant, but their wit grew flat.
 Up starts his lordship—to the window flies,
 And lo! "a race! a race!" in rapture cries.
 "Where!" quoth Sir John. "Why, see two drops
 of rain
 Start from the summit of the chrystal pane:
 A thousand pounds which drop, with nimblest
 force,
 Performs its current down the clipp'ry course."
 The betts were fix'd, in dire suspense they wait
 For victory, pendent on the nod of fate.
 Now down the fash, unconscious of the prize,
 The bubbles roll, like pearls from Chloe's eyes.
 But, ah! the glitt'ring joys of life are short;
 How oft two jostling steeds have spoil'd the sport!
 So, thus attraction, by coercive laws,
 Th' approaching drops into one bubble draws.
 Each curs'd his fate that thus their project cross'd:
 How hard their lot, who neither won nor lost!

The BIRTH-DAY.

ROUND —'s chair, in triple rows,
 The Courtiers stood to gaze,
 And every tongue in flatt'ry dipt,
 Bedaub'd him o'er with praise.

I pray you friend, says surly John,
 Who stood behind the chair,
 Do, ope the window, and let out
 This d——d corrupted air.